

H Y M N S

F O R

NEW-YEAR's-DAY.

MDCCLV.



L O N D O N

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THE NEW



DAY.

THE



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LONDON

Printed and sold at the Foundry, near St. Paul's Church, London.



# H Y M N S

F O R

NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.



## H Y M N I.

WISDOM ascribe, and Might, and Praise  
To God, who lengthens out our Days,  
Who spares us yet another Year,  
And lets us see his Goodness here ;  
Happy, and wise, the Time redeem,  
And live, my Friends, and die to Him.

H Y M N

How

2 How often when his Arm was bar'd,  
 Hath He our sinful *Israel* spar'd !  
*Let them alone* his Mercy cry'd,  
 And turn'd the vengeful Bolt aside,  
 Indalg'd another kind Reprieve,  
 And strangely suffer'd us to live.

3 Laid to the Root with conscious Awe,  
 But now the threatning Axe we saw,  
 We saw when *Jesus* slept between,  
 To part the Punishment and Sin,  
 He pleaded for the Blood-bought Race,  
 And God vouchsaf'd a longer Space !

4 Still in the doubtful Balance weigh'd  
 We trembled, while the Remnant pray'd :  
 The Father hear'd his Spirit Groan,  
 And answer'd mild, it is my Son !  
 He let the Prayer of Faith prevail,  
 And Mercy turn'd the hovering Scale.

5 Merciful God, how shall we raise  
 Our Hearts to pay Thee all thy Praise ?  
 Our Hearts shall beat for Thee alone,  
 Our Lives shall make thy Goodness known,  
 Our Souls and Bodies shall be Thine,  
 A living Sacrifice Divine.

6 I, and my House, will serve the Lord,  
 Led by the Spirit, and the Word ;  
 We plight our Faith, assembled here,  
 To serve our God th' ensuing Year.  
 And vow, when Time shall be no more,  
 Thro' all Eternity t' adore.



## H Y M N II.

**Y**E Worms of Earth, arise,  
 Ye Creatures of a Day;  
 Redeem the Time, be bold be wise;  
 And cast your Bonds away :  
 Shake off the Chains of Sin,  
 Like us, assembled here,  
 With Hymns of Praise to usher in  
 The acceptable Year.

The Year of Gospel-Grace  
 Like us rejoice to see,  
 And thankfully in CHRIST embrace  
 Your proffer'd Liberty,  
 Pardon and Peace are nigh,  
 Which every Soul may prove ;  
 The LORD, who now is passing by,  
 Makes this the Time of Love.

Saviour, and LORD of all,  
 Thy Proffer we receive,  
 Obedient to thy Gospel-Call  
 That bids us turn, and live ;  
 Our former Years mis-spent,  
 Though late, we deeply mourn,  
 And soften'd by thy Grace repent,  
 And to thy Arms return.

With Fear, and Grief, and Shame,  
 Our Folly we bemoan;  
 But wonder at the patient Lamb,  
 Who lets us still alone :



( 6 )

Thy Patience lifts us up,  
Thy free unbounded Grace,  
And all our Fear is lost in Hope,  
And all our Grief in Praise.

3 To Thee, by whom we live,  
Our Praise and Lives we pay,  
Praise, ardent, cordial, constant give,  
And shout to see thy Day :  
Thy Day of saving Grace,  
Thy consecrated Year,  
When the bright Son of Righteousness,  
Doth to our World appear.

Risen, we know, Thou art,  
With Healing in thy Wings,  
We feel, we feel it in our Heart  
The Life thy Presence brings !  
The Seal, and Earnest this  
Our Pardon we receive,  
And look with Thee in glorious Bliss  
Eternally to live.

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### H Y M N III.

1 **B**LOW ye the Trumpet, blow  
The gladly solemn Sound,  
Let all the Nations know  
To Earth's remotest Bound  
The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

JESUS

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 Hath full Atonement made ;  
 Ye weary Spirits rest,  
 Ye mournful Souls be glad,  
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
 The all-atoning Lamb ;  
 Redemption in his Blood  
 Throughout the World proclaim :  
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

4 Ye Slaves of Sin, and Hell,  
 Your Liberty receive,  
 And safe in Jesus dwell,  
 And blest in Jesus live :  
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

5 Ye who have sold for nought  
 Your Heritage above,  
 Shall have it back unbought,  
 The Gift of Jesus's Love :  
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, home !

6 The Gospel-trumpet hear,  
 The News of heavenly Grace,  
 And fav'd from Earth, appear  
 Before your Saviour's Face :  
 The Year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return to your Eternal Home.



## H Y M N IV.

1 **A**LL Praise to the LORD  
 Whose Trumpet we hear,  
 Which speaks in his Word  
 The festival Year :  
 The loud Proclamation  
 Of Freedom from Thrall,  
 And Gospel-Salvation  
 Is publish'd to all.

2 The Year of Release  
 Ev'n now is begun,  
 And Pardon, and Peace  
 With JESUS sent down :  
 Eternal Redemption  
 Thro' Him we obtain,  
 And present Exemption  
 From passionate Pain.

3 Ye Spirits, enslav'd  
 Your Liberty claim,  
 Believe, and be sav'd  
 Thro' JESUS's Name ;  
 That infinite Lover  
 Of Sinners embrace,  
 And gladly recover  
 His forfeited Grace.

4 With joyfullest News  
 Your Prisons resound,  
 Your Fetters are loose,  
 Your Souls are unbound :



Resume the Possession  
 For which ye were born,  
 From Satan's Oppression  
 To Heaven return.

## HYMN V.

1 **C**OME, let us anew  
 Our Journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the Year,  
 And never stand still, till the Master appear;  
 His adorable Will  
 Let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our Talents improve  
 By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love;

2 Our Life is a Dream,  
 Our Time as a Stream  
 Glides swiftly away,  
 And the fugitive Moment refuses to stay:  
 The Arrow is flown,  
 The Moment is gone,  
 The Millennial Year  
 Rushes on to our View, and Eternity's here!

3 O that each in the Day  
 Of his Coming might say,  
 " I have fought my Way thro',  
 " I have finish'd the Work thou didst give me to do!  
 O that each from his LORD  
 May receive the glad Word,  
 " Well and faithfully done,  
 " Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne!

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H Y M N VI.

1    **T**HE LORD of Earth and Sky,  
          The God of Ages praise,  
          Who reigns enthron'd on high,  
          Antient of endless Days,  
Who lengthens out our Trial here,  
And spares us yet another Year.

2    Barren and wither'd Trees  
          We cumbered long the Ground,  
          No Fruit of Holiness  
          On our dead Souls was found ;  
Yet doth He us in Mercy spare  
Another, and another Year.

3    When Justice bar'd the Sword  
          To cut the Fig-tree down,  
          The Pity of our LORD  
          Cried, Let it still alone !  
The Father-mild inclines his Ear,  
And spares us yet another Year.

4    JESUS, thy speaking Blood  
          From God obtain'd the Grace,  
          Who therefore hath bestow'd  
          On us a longer Space,  
Thou didst in our Behalf appear,  
And lo, we see another Year !

5    Then dig about our Root,  
          Break up our fallow Ground,  
          And let our gracious Fruit  
          To thy great Praise abound.  
O let us all thy Praise declare,  
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

## H Y M N VII.

1 SING to the great JEHOVAH's Praise !

All Praise to Him belongs,  
Who kindly lengthens out our Day,  
Demands our choicest Songs :  
Whose Providence has brought us thro'  
Another various Year,  
We all with Vows and Anthems new  
Before our God appear.

2 Father, thy Mercies past we own,  
Thy still-continued Care,  
To Thee presenting thro' thy Son  
Whate'er we have, or are ;  
Our Lips and Lives shall gladly shew  
The Wonders of thy Love,  
While on in JESU's Steps we go  
To see thy Face above.

3 Our Residue of Days or Hours  
Thine, wholly Thine shall be,  
And all our consecrated Powers  
A Sacrifice to Thee :  
Till JESUS in the Clouds appear  
To Saints on Earth forgiven,  
And bring the grand Sabbatic Year,  
The Jubilee of Heaven.

F I N I S.

H Y M N VII.

Oh to the great Jehovah's Throne  
All praise is thine alone  
Who kindly lent us out our lives  
Demands our choicest songs  
Whose Providence has preserved us thus

Another year  
We all with  
Hallelujahs now



Thine, thy love, we own  
Thy will, thy love  
To thee presenting thro' thy Son  
Whence we have got our life  
Our lives and lives that shall be  
The Word of thy love  
While on is Jesus' name we go  
To see thy face above

Our Rabbis of Days of Hours  
Thine, wholly Thine shall be  
And all our comforted Powers  
A sacrifice to Thee  
Thine in the Glories appear  
To Saints on Earth forgiven  
And bring the grand Sabbath Year  
The Jubilee of Heaven

